

not escaped the old Greek notion of Fate. He is thousands of years behind the times. Men are free, and they can end war when they will.

When it is said that you can not change human nature, and that, therefore, wars must occur forever, you are listening to a philosophy which is false. It is not true that human nature can not be changed, for if it can not be changed, then there is little use for our schools and churches. But it is not necessary to change human nature in order to abolish war. War will be abolished just as soon as men change their views about it. Slavery was once universal. All the wisest men of antiquity believed slavery was essential to a well ordered state. By and by they changed their mind. Slavery is gone, but human nature remains what it was.

Men and women were once killed by the thousands on the charge of witchcraft. They are now killed no longer. The reason they are not killed is not because human nature has been changed, but because we do not believe in witchcraft. We have changed not our nature but our notions.

HUMAN NATURE NOT CHANGED

The wisest and most learned jurists of Europe once believed it necessary to torture prisoners in order to find out the truth, but the old instruments of torture are now in museums. Human nature has not changed, but we have found a more sensible way of arriving at the truth. War survives from generation to generation not because it can not be abolished, but simply because men have mistaken ideas about it. It is more mischievous than slavery, more stupid than persecution for witchcraft, and more irrational and cruel than judicial torture, and it will be abolished as soon as men change their views. The world is hoodwinked by the philosophers into thinking that war is inevitable. The man who thinks so does not know what war is.

The paganized philosopher says that war is a school of virtue. It will be more difficult to say this now that the Carnegie report of the Savageries of the Balkan War, and the Bryce report of the German atrocities in Belgium, and the sickening story of the butchery of the Armenians in Turkey are spread before the eyes of the world. War is a school of virtue in the same sense as pestilence is a school of virtue, or as famine is a school of virtue. Men do brave things in all these direful visitations for the simple reason that man is by nature a heroic creature, and even in war the glory that is native to him flashes out. We must distinguish between what men do in time of war and what war itself is. In the midst of a vast conflagration firemen do heroic things. They climb to the top of ladders high, plunge into smoke-filled halls and attics, rescue imperiled women and children. Mothers do brave things. They snatch their children from the jaws of death at the risk of their own lives. Boys do chivalric things. They venture where the danger is greatest. They rescue those who without their assistance would be lost. But what they do is not to be put down to the credit of fire. Fire furnishes an opportunity for the heroism that is in them to show itself, but the fire does not create the heroism nor is the fire responsible for it. The fire itself is a deadly, devouring, heartless thing. It smothers babies in their cradles, it suffocates old men and women in their attics, it burns up invalids in the hospital, it consumes works of art, and old manuscripts, and priceless heirlooms. Not one merciful or beneficent thing does it do from the beginning of the conflagration to the end. All it does is to blacken and char and burn and destroy. War is fire. In the fire men often exhibit a courage and a self-sacrifice and a nobility which compel the admiration of all who behold it, but war itself is cruel, pitiless, devilish. War burns up ancient libraries, famous cathedrals, priceless art treasures. It consumes things of beauty which all the genius of the world can never replace. It drives the aged men and women from their homes into the fields in midwinter to freeze and starve. It shatters the roof over the head of invalids, and kills the nurses who wait upon them. It blows houses to splinters and makes wreckage of homes. It kills fathers and husbands and sons, blows women to shreds and snuffs out the lives of babies in their cradles. There is nothing barbarous and inhuman and devilish which war does not do. It is the sum of all villainies. The manifestations of its infernal spirit are numberless and run beyond the descriptive powers of human speech. Never put war down in the list of things which are good. Put it down in the list of things that are direful and horrifying—

famine, pestilence, tuberculosis, small-pox, bubonic plague, cancer, and earthquake. All these are angels of mercy compared with war.

"But see," says the philosopher, "what blessings have come through war; liberty, progress, the emancipation of ancient tyrannies, and the opening of new ages for the mind! It is over battlefields that the race has marched to glory, and it is through the baptism of battle fire that men have added new cubits to their spiritual stature." So says the philosopher, but the inference he would have us draw is false. He points out the good things which have followed war, and says, without war these good things could not have been gotten. It is here that the philosopher goes astray. Every good thing ever attained in war could have been gotten more economically in some other way. It is true that war has not been able to block permanently the progress of the race. It is true that many blessings, physical and intellectual, have been handed to us through battle fire. This is evidence that God's purposes can not be permanently thwarted and that He can compel the wrath of man to praise Him. He is omnipotent and man is finite, and no matter what the finite creature does, the Infinite can circumvent him by his mercy. God is love and the whole world is foundationed on love, and no matter how furiously man may hate, the love of God flows round him, and makes channels for itself even through provinces consecrated to the passions of hatred and vengeance. God is good, and because of His immeasurable goodness it is impossible to do anything wicked in this world from which at least one stream of blessing will not flow. Men have fought and humanity has advanced. The philosopher dwells upon this and concludes that with more fighting more progress will follow. Humanity has advanced in spite of the fighting, and not because of it, and if men had never unsheathed the sword the race would be vastly farther on than it is. The world is poor today largely because so much of the world's wealth has been consumed in war. Humanity is impoverished in its heart life because of the storms of hate which have swept over it. Many nations once mighty are now only dust heaps. They were beaten into dust by war. Nations now playing a part on the stage of the world's life are scrubby and stunted because the richest juices of their blood were long ago sucked out by war. All the nations of the earth are paralyzed and handicapped in their physical and intellectual and spiritual development and operations by the blood they poured out in preceding generations on the battlefield.

These are the three veils which philosophy weaves. First, war is inevitable, because human nature is bellicose and can never be altered; second, war is a school of virtue; third, war is a means of securing blessings which can be obtained in no other way. Throw those three veils over the face of war and you can not see what war is. What can not be avoided, we shall never gird up our loins to conquer. What seems to develop the manly virtues, we shall never in round terms condemn. What leads to blessings can never seem odious to one to whom those blessings are dear. Philosophy takes the edge off the world's horror of war by weaving round the head of the monster a delicate network of lies.

NOT EASY TO KNOW WHAT WAR IS

It is not easy to know what war is. Language can not tell us. Art refuses to tell us. Art is in love with the beautiful, and when she speaks of war she seizes upon the lovely and picturesque aspects, blinding by creations of the imagination the eyes of understanding, so they can not see the hideous things which lie concealed under the things which are fair. Military preparedness also refuses to tell us. It fills our ears with thrilling music, and our eyes with gorgeous colors, and our hearts with patriotic emotions, and hides from us the fact that its steps lead down to the chambers of death. Philosophy refuses to tell us. She takes this old scourge, and decks it with flowers, this ancient curse and wraps it in garlands, this primeval abomination and dresses it in purple, this chief of the devils and exalts it as a god. It is in the universities of Europe that war has been most idolized, and it is men who have had high reputations for learning who have flooded the world with eulogies of war.

In the fulness of time war came. The lexicographers had completed their definitions. The artists had painted their pictures and composed their music, the high priests of military preparedness had perfected their gorgeous ritual, the wise men of the schools had thrown over war all the glittering folds of a materialistic phil-

osophy, and then God said, "I will now let you see what war is." It is now clear to the whole world that war is a species of man-killing. It is an antiquated governmental device for settling international disputes by killing men. Look at its instruments. They are all instruments of destruction. The destruction is to be wrought on the bodies of men. Look at that bayonet. It was not made for the killing of horses or lions or tigers. It was made to run through a man. Look at that rifle. Notice the bullet. It was made to kill a man. Examine that hand grenade. It is cunningly devised to explode just at the moment when it can kill a man. Scrutinize that shrapnel. It is a shell with thin walls and inside of it there are two hundred and sixty-two bullets, and some gun cotton and some powder, and a time fuse, and when the appointed instant has come, it explodes, and the bullets go out in all directions in search of men. They are constructed to kill a hundred men in a minute. See those bombs. They are works of art. Their only excuse for being is the killing of men. See those rolling billows of poisonous gases. They sweep across the fields seeking men. They were generated for the express purpose of smothering men.

SUPREME PURPOSE TO KILL MEN

Everything else in war is incidental except the killing of men. Property is destroyed. Roads are torn up, bridges are burned, homes are demolished, but all this is only the purpose of obstructing and trapping men so that they can be killed. Fortifications are attacked and blown to pieces, forts are assaulted and captured, but this, too, is only incidental. The attacking army is after men. No war can be ended by the capture of the masses of concrete and steel. There is no victory in war except by the killing of men. As long as the enemy's army is alive, the enemy is not conquered. The enemy can not be vanquished except by the killing of men. Men are often wounded in battle, but that is not the primary purpose of war. The supreme purpose is to kill men, or to mangle them in such a way that they can never fight again. Men are sometimes captured in war, but this is not the supreme purpose. Prisoners are a burden and a nuisance, they handicap the operations of the army which takes them. There is nothing so desirable in the waging of war as the killing of men. If it can be reported that ten thousand men were killed, the nation that killed them is glad, if twenty-five thousand are killed, the victorious nation is elated, if the number rises to fifty or a hundred thousand the nation is hilarious. Victories are graded according to the number of men who are killed.

War is the killing of young men. Old men do not go to war, or if they go, they are not in the fighting line. They are officers, and they direct operations from the rear. Only young men, as a rule, are killed in war. Men who have lived their lives and done their work, and who might therefore be spared without mankind suffering irreparable loss, are not wanted in war. Only young men whose life is all before them, whose faculties are not yet fully developed, and who have not had a chance to make their contribution to their nation and the world, only these are appointed to slaughter. The war god is exceedingly fastidious in his selection of men. He will accept only the strongest. He discards with disdain the dwarfs and the hunchbacks, the men with a shrunken arm, the men with a club foot, the men with weak lungs or an irregular heart, or a body emaciated by disease. Only the healthy and the vigorous and the robust are led forth to be killed. The god of war refuses to have anything to do with the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled, the maimed, the semi-paralyzed. He demands always and only the best. He will not use the feeble-minded, the imbeciles, the idiots, the lunatics, the inmates of insane asylums, he demands men who are in full possession of their faculties, who are wide awake and alert, and who can seize instantly every opportunity for killing another man.

But you can not kill men without killing women. The lives of women are inextricably interwoven with the lives of men. Whatever hurts men hurts women, whatever wounds men causes women to bleed. Every man is the son of a woman. Not a man can be killed without a sword going through some woman's heart. Many men have sisters, many have wives. Many have daughters. A man's life may be vitally intertwined with the lives of at least four women—his mother, his sister, his wife and his daughter. Kill a man and you quench the light of the day for some woman, you take out of life

(Continued on Page 20)